FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
“How Did I Get Here?”
PRODUCTION DRAFT
8/22/07

CAST LIST

COACH ERIC TAYLOR
TIM RIGGINS
TYRA COLLETTE
JASON STREET
BRIAN “SMASH” WILLIAMS
TAMI TAYLOR
MATT SARACEN
JULIE TAYLOR
LANDRY CLARKE
LYLA GARRITY

SPEAKING PARTS:
(in order of appearance)

JOANNE STREET
SHELLY
BUDDY GARRITY
BRADLEY COLE
GLENN REED
LAUREN DAVIS
ASSISTANT COACH
SANTIAGO
CHAD CLARKE
JIMMY
SHRADER
BILLY RIGGINS
DETECTIVE TAMBOR
DETECTIVE BLAIR
PRINCIPAL BRECKER
CORRINA WILLIAMS
MITCHELL STREET
ROBERTA “BOBBIE” ROBERTS
MAC MCGILL
FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
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SET LIST

INTERIORS

STREET’S CAR – DAWN
STREET HOUSE – MORNING, DAY & NIGHT
TAYLOR HOUSE – MORNING, NIGHT & DAY
  KITCHEN – MORNING & DAY
  MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT
GARRITY MOTORS – MORNING & DAY
  BUDDY’S OFFICE – MORNING
  PARTS DEPARTMENT – DAY
FIELD HOUSE – MORNING & DAY
  LOCKER ROOM – MORNING
  TAYLOR’S OFFICE – DAY
DILLON HIGH – DAY
  HALLWAY OUTSIDE TAMI’S OFFICE – DAY
  TAMI’S OFFICE – DAY
  HALLWAY – DAY
  PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE – DAY
CLARKE HOUSE – NIGHT
  LANDRY’S ROOM – NIGHT
  GARAGE – NIGHT
POLICE STATION – DAY
LANDRY’S CAR – MOVING – DAY & NIGHT
RIGGINS HOUSE – DAY
ALAMO FREEZE – DAY
MEGA CHURCH – DAY
  CHAPEL – DAY
WILLIAMS HOUSE – NIGHT
LAUREN’S CAR – NIGHT
CHAD CLARKE’S CRUISER – MOVING – NIGHT

EXTERIORS

DILLON – TEXAS – DAWN
HERRMANN FIELD – DAY, NIGHT & DUSK
STREET HOUSE – DAY & NIGHT
LANDRY’S CAR – NIGHT
REMOTE DESERT AREA – NIGHT
FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
“How Did I Get Here?”

TEASER

1 EXT. DILLON, TEXAS/INT. STREET’S CAR – DAWN (D1)
JASON, wide awake, stares out at the sunrise.

JASON
I’m turning nineteen Tuesday.

LYLA barely awake, and RIGGINS driving in a daze, glance out.

LYLA
Wow.

RIGGINS
Do I still owe you a present from last year?

JASON
Riggins, you haven’t given me a present since I was twelve.

RIGGINS
You’re due, my friend.

JASON
Nineteen years old and I don’t have a single thing I’m doing with my life. Not a clue where I’m going.

RIGGINS
Coach Taylor’s back. I’m sure he’ll have a job for you.

JASON
I think that’s the past, Timmy. What I gotta figure out is what’s the future.

RIGGINS
Is your mom gonna throw one of her parties?

LYLA
(in recognition)
Time to put on your party hat.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JASON
I’m not going to let my mom throw a huge embarrassing party. It’s like shining a light on my entire pathetic life.

CUT TO:

INT. STREET HOUSE - MORNING (D1)
Start on a huge “Happy 19th Birthday, Jason” banner. Jason sits inside the front door, staring at it. JOANNE runs in from the other room. Hugs him, fights emotion.

JOANNE STREET
Jason...

JASON
Hey, Ma.

JOANNE STREET
If you ever frighten me like that again so help me God... What on earth were you doing down there?

JASON
Nothing, Ma. I’m back. And by the way, take that sign down, I’m not going to have a party this year.

JOANNE STREET
Forget that, mister.

JASON
Can’t it just be me, you and Dad.

JOANNE STREET
(like he’s speaking a foreign language)
What kind of party is that?

OFF Jason, unable to change the course of destiny, we,

CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (D1)
TAMI -- dressed for work -- walks around in a state as COACH makes coffee and toast, holding GRACIE in a baby-bjorn.

TAMI
I can’t believe she’s not here. This is unacceptable.

(CONTINUED)
TAYLOR
She probably just hit traffic.

Tami heads to the front door, no sign of her. Grabs the mail
that no one took in from the day before.

TAMI
(muttering as she looks
through the mail)
The woman is so in her own head.
Here I am, first day back at work,
leaving my baby for the first time
with this selfish person who
doesn’t have the common decency to
show up a day or two early so I can
get used to the idea.

TAYLOR
She’s your sister.

TAMI
(handing him an envelope)
Looks like your first check came.
(back to her rant)
And I guarantee you there isn’t
going to be one tiny apology for
showing up late, either.

Knock on the door and Tami immediately goes from complaining
to jumping up and down with excitement like an eight-year-
old.

TAMI (CONT'D)
She’s-here–she’s-here–she’s-here!

Tami opens the door to reveal SHELLY (32). They both scream
and hug and the warmth supersedes any and all sister issues,
which will all come up later. Which they both know.
Shelly’s a few years younger, just as hot, she’s urban, hip,
single, smart, sometimes teaches pre-school, sometimes works
with battered women, but never holds a job for more than two
years because her wanderlust trumps everything else in her
life.

SHELLY
Where is she? Oh-my-God! Gimme–
gimme-gimme!

Shelly takes the baby from Coach as they kiss.

TAYLOR
Hey, Shell--

(CONTINUED)
Shelly holds Gracie, adores her, Tami beams...

SHELLY
Oh my God she’s the most beautiful thing I’ve seen in my entire life.

TAMI
(kvelling)
Oh--

SHELLY
And look at you. Here you are trying to tell me that you got fat. You look hot, girl.

TAMI
Oh come on -- really? How does my ass look? Is it enormous back there?

SHELLY
Honey, you could bounce a quarter on that thing.

TAMI
Aww.
(to Eric)
Sugar, you hear that? Shelly thinks you could bounce a quarter on my ass.

TAYLOR
That’s great, hon.

And JULIE comes racing in to greet Shelly. There is no doubt that Shelly is the cool aunt.

JULIE
Aunt Shelly!

SHELLY
Oh my God, look at this one. The boys must be beside themselves.

JULIE
Yeah, right.

Coach has opened his check and is staring at it, concerned.

TAYLOR
Tami, you wanna take a look at this?

(CONTINUED)
TAMI

What?

Tami comes over, looks at the check. Her expression changes. They speak in whispers--

TAMI (CONT'D)
That’s gotta be a mistake.

TAYLOR
It better be a mistake. This is half what I was making last year.

TAMI
What did you agree on with Buddy?
(silence)
Didn’t you talk salary?

TAYLOR
I just figured--

TAMI
Really? You just figured?

Shelly looks over Tami’s shoulder at the paycheck.

SHELLY
Wow, why have I spent so much time being jealous of you guys? I practically make that much teaching pre-school.

Coach looks at her, reminded of what a pain in the balls she can be. But just in case that wasn’t enough, Shelly holds up a diaper.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
You should really be using cloth diapers.

Tami is about to respond, but turns to Taylor--

TAMI
Sugar? This ain’t gonna do it.

TAYLOR
I’ll talk to Buddy.
INT. GARRITY MOTORS - MORNING (D1)

Coach Taylor passes a few CUSTOMERS and a sign reading, “Hog Wild Sale”, when an excited BUDDY GARRITY appears.

BUDDY
Look who’s here. And good timing. You gotta see this.

Buddy ushers him to a pen which holds a real LIVE HOG.

TAYLOR
Buddy, I need to talk to you about -- what the hell is a hog doing in here?

BUDDY
Hog wild sale. Watch this. I’ve discovered the answer to our Panther prayers.

Buddy flips a latch that opens the cage and the hog darts out. He grabs a speakerphone.

BUDDY (OVER SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT’D)
Santiago, Santiago to the floor!

SANTIAGO appears and goes one-on-one with the hog. With lightning speed, he corners it, wrestles it into submission and carries it back to the pen.

BUDDY (CONT’D)
I believe we just found our new tight end.

Taylor doesn’t know what to say about that. Finally, he just takes out his paycheck--

TAYLOR
What the hell is this?

Buddy thinks for a minute, then--

BUDDY
Let’s go into my office.

INT. GARRITY MOTORS - BUDDY’S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER (D1)

Buddy and Coach are seated, Coach is laying into him.

TAYLOR
Are you telling me that I won a State Championship and I come back
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
TAYLOR (CONT'D)
and my salary has been reduced by forty percent.

BUDDY
Thirty seven percent and like I said I have every intention to try and work on that.

TAYLOR
You make it sound like some little backyard project. I’ve got a baby, a mortgage, my wife has been talking about adding a room on to the house--

BUDDY
I don’t know if that’s such good timing--

TAYLOR
Thank you, Buddy. Thank you for that helpful advice.

BUDDY
Look, Coach, I understand that you’re upset. But it cost this program a helluva lot to pay MacGregor off and bring you back. Plus our last fundraiser was a bust. Truth is the Booster fund isn’t exactly solvent right now. But like I said, I am exploring some options--

Taylor has had it, he stands up, stares at Buddy--

TAYLOR
I left TMU. I trusted you. You fix this, Buddy. Fix it.

Taylor storms out. OFF BUDDY, we,

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. FIELD HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING (D1)

Riggins walks in late, as the last of the TEAM heads for the field to practice. SARACEN, SMASH, and BRADLEY give him pounds.

RIGGINS
Buenas dias, ladies.

SMASH
What up, Rigg?

BRADLEY
Timmy, Tim. Nice tan.

Riggins has to admit it feels good to be back. Until he walks up to his locker and opens it. Empty. Nameplate gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY (D1)

The team is stretching out. Riggins walks the gauntlet past the players to Coach. Coach chews his gum and won’t quite look at him.

RIGGINS
You’re a whole lot less ugly than Coach M.

But Coach doesn’t even acknowledge this, confirming Tim’s worst fears--

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
I’m off the team?

TAYLOR
We’ve been down this road before. (then)
Sorry, son.

Tim, bewildered, starts to walk off the field past the players, who watch him leave, dumbstruck.

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
Alright, Mac, let’s get the offense set up. Gentlemen, let’s get our asses in gear.

Coach takes one look back at Riggins. Pained.

INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY OUTSIDE TAMI’S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

STUDENTS line up, waiting to see Tami.
INT. DILLON HIGH – TAMI’S OFFICE – DAY (D1)

Tami, at her desk, goes over a stack of papers with GLENN.

TAMI
Suzie Miller? She’s a straight A student, why is she on the list?

GLENN
Complaints about her hygiene.

TAMI
Ohhh.

GLENN
I passed her in the hall a few times. The complaints are valid. Figured I’d wait till you got back on that one.

TAMI
How thoughtful of you, Glenn.

Coach walks in--

TAYLOR
You know there are twenty people lined up out-- Oh, hello.

GLENN
Oh, hi, you must be Eric.

TAYLOR
(shaking his hand, correcting)
Coach Taylor.

GLENN
Glenn Reed. Welcome back.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

There’s a beat. Glenn doesn’t automatically excuse himself--

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
Mind if I talk to my wife a sec?

GLENN
Oh, of course.
(to Tami)
I happily pass the baton back to you. See you in the lounge.

(CONTINUED)
TAMI
Thanks, Glenn...

Glenn leaves, Coach watches him go, eyes squinting.

TAYLOR
So that’s Glenn.

TAMI
That’s Glenn.

TAYLOR
Colorful tie.

TAMI
Shut up.

TAYLOR
You doing okay? First day back? First day away from our girl?

TAMI
Aww, you’re sweet. I cried twice so far. But I’m fine. How’d it go with Buddy.

TAYLOR
He’s working on it.

TAMI
Good.

TAYLOR
Alright. Don’t work too hard.

TAMI
I won’t.

As he leaves, Tami hears Taylor talk to the waiting students.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
It’s Mrs. Taylor’s first day back at work. Take it easy on her.

OFF Tami’s smile, we,
INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY (D1)

Saracen, Smash and several other PLAYERS are in the hallway.

SMASH
It’s bull. He takes Riggs away from me, he’s hanging me out to dry.

SARACEN
I like Riggs, you know that, but Coach is right. What if Riggins just decided to leave before a playoff game?

SMASH
Stop being a goody two shoes. Don’t you remember Taylor benched you last week? Ask me, he came back from TMU missing a few brain cells.

A cheerleader, LAUREN DAVIS, passes. She’s pretty, smart, her smile’s a breath of fresh air.

LAUREN
(stopping)
Hey, Matt.

SARACEN
(surprised)
Hey.

LAUREN
I’m Lauren, I’m new.

SARACEN
Oh, right, yeah, I noticed. I mean, I saw you out there. You’re good.

(CONTINUED)
LAUREN
Well, it’s cool cheering for someone so talented. Makes my job a lot easier.

She gives him a big grin and walks away. Saracen is stunned.

SMASH
I think all of Matt’s Julie problems are about to go away.

The guys CRACK UP.

SARACEN
She was... she was just being nice.

The players leave, making comments. ("Get on that, Matt." "What I wouldn’t give to be QB1 for a day." Etc.) We stay with Matt, the awesomeness of what just happened sinking in.

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR’S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

Taylor and MAC watch game film. Tap on the door. It’s a smiling Buddy with Santiago dressed in workout clothes.

TAYLOR
Did you fix it?

BUDDY
I am working on it.

(then)
Coach, we owe it to the team to check this kid out.

Coach looks at Buddy, annoyed, and we,

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - LATER (D1)

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Coach Taylor, Mac and an ASSISTANT COACH (who takes notes on a clipboard) watch as...

--Santiago bench press. CLOSE ON his face, bulging muscles, as he pushes up 290 pounds.

--He squats 400 pounds.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER (D1)

On an otherwise empty field, the coaches observe:

--Santiago do the Pro-Agility, sprinting his ass off between cones.

--He does a 30” Vertical Jump.

--He sprints a 40 yard dash. CLOSE ON his face, his legs in motion, the stopwatch being clicked: 4.7 seconds.

ASSISTANT COACH
(looks up from clipboard)
This kid’s no joke. Easily in the top 1% of high school athletes.

BUDDY
I don’t want to say I told you so Coach, but... He’s a superstar.

Coach, reserving judgment, grabs a football.

TAYLOR
Okay, let’s test the hands. How ‘bout a ten yard out?

Santiago stares at him, clueless. Buddy steps in.

BUDDY
Just toe that line. When Coach says hut, run straight two big lines, cut left and catch a pass.


TAYLOR
You a student at Dillon High, son?

BUDDY
Just enrolled a week ago.

TAYLOR
Where’d you go before?

BUDDY
He was doing a little juvenile detainer thing, but it’s over.
Coach raises an eyebrow at Buddy.

TAYLOR
You ever played football?

SANTIAGO
No, sir.

TAYLOR
Any organized sport?

SANTIAGO
No.

TAYLOR
But you want to be a Panther?

SANTIAGO
Sure.

TAYLOR
That wasn’t an offer. (beat) Let’s see you go long.

Santiago gives a confused look.

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
Line up there. Just take off and run straight as fast as you can.

“Hut-hut!” Santiago takes off. When he gets about thirty yards out, Coach cocks his arm to throw, but Santiago doesn’t look back, just keeps running, right past the endzone.

BUDDY
(shrugs)
Kid’s got a bit to learn.

TAYLOR
Too much to learn, Buddy.

Coach hands Buddy the ball and walks off.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - LANDRY’S ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

LANDRY sits on his bed, shoulders sagging, staring at a photo of Tyra on his cell. The door opens and he clicks it off as his DAD enters.

CHAD CLARKE
Coming down for supper?
LANDRY
I’m not really hungry.

CHAD CLARKE
Seems like you haven’t been hungry all week. Something going on?

There’s a beat, then...

LANDRY
She dumped me.

Landry is so vulnerable. Chad feels bad for his son, and worse because he ordered Tyra to break it off. He sits down.

CHAD CLARKE
I’m sorry to hear that, son.

LANDRY
She said these terrible things to me. It was all a dumb mistake.
That I’m an ugly geek.

CHAD CLARKE
Now you know that is not true.

LANDRY
I can’t stop thinking about her.
It’s like I’m gonna die or something.

CHAD CLARKE
(pained)
You know there will be other girls.

LANDRY
Not like her.

OFF Landry, unable to be comforted.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE – NIGHT (N1)

Tami makes dinner while Shelly sits at the bar with a glass of wine.

SHELLY
Jules! Come on! Let’s see it.

Julie walks out of her room, looking a little sheepish, but very sexy in an itsy-bitsy halter top from Brazil. Tami looks horrified.
TAMI
Oh my God.

SHELLY
I know. She looks amazing.

TAMI
Julie, you have to change out of that thing right this second before--

Taylor enters, tired from his day, looking through the mail.

TAYLOR
Hello...
(looks up, sees Julie)
Why’s my daughter dressed like a prostitute?
(looking at Shelly)
This has you written all over it.

SHELLY
This is what all the girls in Brazil are wearing.
(to Julie)
Oh my God, honey, you have to sit down and write your Grandma Jane a thank you note for those boobs you inherited from her.

Taylor looks at Tami -- do something.

TAMI
Julie, go change.

SHELLY
(to Tami)
Oh, my God. You spent the entire Summer of ’86 walking around in a little string bikini top with your butt hanging out of your dolphin shorts.

JULIE
Mom!

(continued)
TAYLOR
Shelly, if I give you a hundred dollars, will you shut up for the rest of the night?

SHELLY
Eric, you don’t have a hundred dollars, remember?
(to Julie)
It’s good you’re taking Spanish. That’ll come in handy when you and I go to Costa Rica...

JULIE
Seriously?

SHELLY
Your mom and I were supposed to go when you graduated from high school, but then she went and got herself knocked up...

TAMI
Thanks, Shelly.

SHELLY
Oh, I’m teasing. That beautiful baby is worth a thousand trips to Costa Rica... Besides, I have a little consolation prize for you.

TAMI
What?

SHELLY
I thought we could go to the Dixie Chicks Wednesday night in Midland. Come on, babe, let’s get you back into high heels, make-up and big hair like God intended.

Tami looks at Taylor.

TAYLOR
Wednesday’s tough. Supposed to meet with the Boosters...

TAMI
Yeah, it’s probably better if I don’t. I have all this work...

(CONTINUED)
SHELLY
Come on! I thought we could
smuggle some little bottles of rum
for old times sake, like when we
were in high school. Remember that
time you threw up from all those
rum and cokes at the Whitesnake
show?

TAMI
(re: Julie)
Shelly!
(a beat)
I really should pass. It’s gonna
go late...

SHELLY
Okay. Fine. It was just an idea.

JULIE
Hey, Shelly! Can I see the
pictures from your trip.

SHELLY
You sure can...

Shelly and Julie begin to look over the pictures. Tami
stares at them -- feeling annoyed, left out and irrelevant.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

15 INT./EXT. STREET HOUSE – DAY (D2)

Jason opens the door to reveal Coach Taylor.

TAYLOR
Welcome back to Dillon.

JASON
You too, Coach. I met Gracie a few weeks ago. She’s a cute one.

TAYLOR
Thank you. So, you want to tell me what the hell you were doing in Mexico?

JASON
Long story. But I’m back. Just trying to figure out what I’m doing with my life.

TAYLOR
Well, that’s good, because I’ve been going door to door looking for a football coach. Know anyone?

JASON
I’d have to think about that.

TAYLOR
I got a lot going on down there. Long and short of it is this isn’t some handout. I need you back, son.

Street looks into the face of his mentor. What can he say?

JASON
When do I start, Coach?

TAYLOR
How about this afternoon?

(CONTINUED)
JASON
(chuckles)
I’ll see you at practice.

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON HIGH – HALLWAY – DAY (D2)

Landry, at his locker, watches JIMMY, a wrestler, talking to TYRA.

LANDRY
(walking up)
Hey Tyra. Could I talk to you?

JIMMY
We’re conversatin’ here.

TYRA
(to Jimmy)
I’ll talk to you later, alright?

JIMMY
Sure, sounds good.

Jimmy leaves, giving Landry a little stink-eye.

TYRA
What’s up, Landry?

LANDRY
I just wanted to tell you that I don’t believe what you said.

TYRA
About what?

LANDRY
About us being a mistake. It wasn’t a mistake because no matter the circumstances, we were meant to be brought together. And maybe you need to push me away for reasons I don’t get, maybe you need to go off and date guys who you think are cooler than me, like that ‘roided out wrestler freak jerk douchebag over there, but you can’t turn what we had into a bad thing. You can’t do that. No matter what you say about me or about us, it was a good thing, Tyra. Me and you, it was a good thing and you know it.
He walks off, and she stands there, pained, wishing things could be different.

Buddy beams, seeing Lyla walk in. But she’s pissed.

BUDDY
Hey sunshine--

LYLA
Are you in some sort of alternate universe where you think it’s okay to make an employee run around chasing hogs for your amusement?

BUDDY
He liked it.

LYLA
He liked it.

BUDDY
He was having fun. We all were.

LYLA
You are such an idiot.

She marches out--

Lyla walks up to Santiago.

SANTIAGO
Hi, Lyla.

LYLA
I just want you to know that you don’t have to join the football team or do anything else for my father because if he fires you I will kill him.

SANTIAGO
It’s cool.

LYLA
Also, I truly, deeply apologize on behalf of my retarded father for the whole hog incident. It will never happen again.

(CONTINUED)
SANTIAGO
It was fun. Broke up the monotony around here.

She just looks at him. He smiles...

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
I appreciate what you’re trying to do, Lyla, but I like your dad. He’s a riot. And you don’t have to worry about the football thing, either. I didn’t make the team.

LYLA
(sensing his disappointment)
You wanted to play football?

SANTIAGO
Who wouldn’t want to be a Panther?

OFF Lyla, one more day in the devil town.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD – DAY (D2)

Hits and collisions. Linemen get battered and beaten as Street gives instruction.

JASON
To attack the right V, you put your left eye under his left ear hole. And vice versa. That’s how you read and see flow.

Coach catches Street’s eye, nods at him, appreciative. Street nods back, but when Coach turns away, Street looks pensive.

The fullback, SHRADER, gets beat and the LINEBACKER levels Smash. Coach watches. Smash gets CRUSHED again and his frustration comes out.

SMASH
You wanna get your head outta your ass and block for me, fool?

SHRADER
I am, but you ain’t following me...

TAYLOR
Alright, settle down, try it again.

(CONTINUED)
CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR’S OFFICE - LATER (D2)

As Coach changes back into his street shirt, Smash enters.

SMASH
Riggins shouldn’t have gone to Mexico. He’s disrespectful to you and the coaching staff. He drinks too much and misses too many practices. But I need him. I need him, Coach. Please. I’m gonna die out there without him.

(off Coach’s silence)
Is it worth throwing away the season to prove some point?

Taylor considers, then--

TAYLOR
You want Tim Riggins to block for you? Is that what you want?

SMASH
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
You think I don’t want Tim Riggins to block? I do. He’s a damn good blocker. But here’s the thing. Part of my job is to coach football and the other part is to keep kids like Tim Riggins from throwing their lives away. And if that means kicking them off the team, then we all just have to accept that and move on.

Smash looks at Taylor -- processing.

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
You can go now, Smash.

SMASH
Yes, sir.
INT. DILLON HIGH – TAMI’S OFFICE – DAY (D2)

Tim and BILLY sit staring at the breast pump on Tami’s desk.

RIGGINS
(picks it up)
What is this thing?

BILLY
It’s a pump for her hooters.

RIGGINS
A what?

BILLY
It squeezes milk from a lady’s udders--

Tami walks in and takes the pump, puts it out of sight. Tim then stares dumbly at her chest.

TAMI
We missed ya, Tim.
(look at my eyes!)
Glad you made it back safely.

BILLY
Yeah, he’s sorry about that, disappearing and all. I been trying to get him to be more responsible to himself and others.

RIGGINS
Good advice, Billy. Maybe you shoulda thought of it before you started banging my ex-girlfriend?

BILLY
She’s not your ex-girlfriend.
(turns to Tami)
And she was way too old for him. She’s 32 and has a kid.

RIGGINS
Who likes me a lot better than your lazy ass.

BILLY
Lazy? Who’s paying the bills on--

TAMI
--Guys. Let’s stay focused.
(they calm down a bit)
(MORE)
TAMI (CONT'D)
Now, Tim. During your little sojourn you missed two biology exams and a major term paper for English lit.

RIGGINS
What’s a sojourn?

TAMI
A sojourn is what’s gonna get you held back if you don’t work your ass off starting this minute and I just don’t sense a good attitude right now.

BILLY
Believe me, Mrs. Taylor, I’m gonna squeeze his testicles until he bleeds term papers. But I got to ask you one thing. How do we get Tim back on the team? You’ve gotta help us. His future’s riding on it. Could you exert a little influence?

TAMI
(stonefaced)
Billy, I’m here as Tim’s academic advisor. That’s my role right here. You want to beg to get Tim back on the team, you know where to find Coach Taylor.

BILLY
Yes, ma’am. Let’s go jackass.

OFF this, we,

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – DAY (D2)

Chad Clarke pours himself a coffee and passes DETECTIVE TAMBOR and DETECTIVE BLAIR.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR
Like father, like son, hey Chad… Your boy did good Friday night.

CHAD CLARKE
Yeah, but he’s got a ways to go.
DETECTIVE BLAIR
A lot less distance than mine.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR
(translates the bad news)
Ronnie’s got a soccer player and a cellist on his team.

DETECTIVE BLAIR
(extendng a hand)
Nice to meet you. Ronnie Blair. Brought me down from Midland to help out on your homicide.

CHAD CLARKE
Is that right? How’s the case going?

DETECTIVE TAMBOR
All but dead ‘til we got this in.

He points to the whiteboard behind him where we see the evidence of the case laid out: photos of the deceased, the crimes scenes, and an 8 x 10 of enlarged upholstery fibers.

DETECTIVE BLAIR
Coroner got some car seat fibers from the decedent’s jacket zipper.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR
We’re thinking they came from the vehicle that took him to the river. Killer probably pulled the body out, didn’t realize he was yanking out his own car upholstery too.

CHAD CLARKE
You know what kind of car?

DETECTIVE BLAIR
Matches three different GM models manufactured between ’74 and ’78.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR
DMV’s probably gonna show twenty of those in Dillon alone.

CHAD CLARKE
Good luck diggin’.

DETECTIVE BLAIR
Tell your son to keep up the good work.

(CONTINUED)
CHAD CLARKE
Yes, sir.
Mr. Clarke nods and walks off, deeply concerned.

INT. LANDRY’S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D2)
Landry, oblivious, drives in silence.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - LATER (D2)

Lyla shows up to find Riggins, and his beer, trying to study.

RIGGINS
Hey, what’s C6H12O6?

LYLA
I’m not doing your homework, Tim. I’m here about Santiago.

RIGGINS
The hog catcher?

LYLA
He’s not a hog catcher. He’s a student trying to learn football.

RIGGINS
I heard he’s lame.

LYLA
Which is why I was wondering if you could help him out. Teach him a little bit about the game.

RIGGINS
Maybe you haven’t heard. I just got kicked off the team. Why would I want to help someone else get on it?

LYLA
Gee, I don’t know, Tim. Why would any human being help another? Why would someone drop everything and go all the way to Mexico because someone called and asked for help?

RIGGINS
Lyla, I’d like to help you, but right now a football field is the last place I wanna be.

Lyla just considers this, then...

LYLA
Unbelievable.

And she leaves. OFF Riggins...
INT. DILLON HIGH - PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

Coach sits with Buddy and PRINCIPAL BRECKER.

BUDDY
We think we came up with a solution to this salary snafu.

PRINCIPAL BRECKER
We can’t free up any more coaching funds at the moment, but we did find a little something allocated for an Athletic Director.

TAYLOR
Not sure I follow.

BUDDY
It’s an offer to be in charge of the school’s Athletic Department.

TAYLOR
I’m flattered, but taking on more responsibilities...

PRINCIPAL BRECKER
It’s not a lot. The department practically runs itself. And it’s an opportunity to help more kids.

TAYLOR
I think coaching the team is more than a full time--

BUDDY
And there’s the title -- Athletic Director. Looks awful good on a resume if you ever think about applying for another job.

PRINCIPAL BRECKER
So whaddya say, Coach?

TAYLOR
How much does this A.D. job pay?

There’s an awkward pause--

PRINCIPAL BRECKER
Well, it’s not in the budget as a full time position. It’s considered part time. But put it together with what you’re making

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PRINCIPAL BRECKER (CONT'D)

now and you should be within
spitting distance of where you were
last year.

TAYLOR

Spitting distance?

BUDDY

Now, Eric...

TAYLOR

So what you’re saying to me right
now is you’re giving me two jobs
and paying me less than I got last
year to do one job after I brought
the school a State championship?

Brecker and Buddy look at each other, then--

BUDDY

This is just temporary, Eric. I
swear to you.

OFF TAYLOR, who can’t believe he’s having to consider this,
PRELAP a DOOR KNOCK and we,

CUT TO:

INT. RIGGINS HOUSE — DAY (D2)

Riggins plays the game AREA 51 on the TV. Another KNOCK.

RIGGINS

Come in!

Smash walks in through the front door. Takes in Riggins’
world -- the empty pizza boxes, beer bottles, etc. Riggins
finally looks up from the game and sees Smash. A bit odd.

SMASH

Nice crib, Riggs. The maid on
vacation?

RIGGINS

What’s going on, Williams?

SMASH

I want you to come to dinner
tonight. My Moms can cook.

RIGGINS

This reach out to a white boy week?

(CONTINUED)
SMASH
It’s let’s talk about how you’re
screwing up our team week.

RIGGINS
The team that I’m not on?

SMASH
Alright, Riggs. I got no fullback
because of your selfish, drunken
ass and you are coming to dinner at
my house so I can talk some sense
into you. Seven o’clock. Be on
time for once.

Smash starts to leave.

RIGGINS
Williams?
(Smash turns)
You got an address?

INT. ALAMO FREEZE – DAY (D2)

Julie walks in and Matt, who’s behind the counter, looks
over, catching her eye. There’s no one else to wait on her
so he walks up to the register, all business.

SARACEN
Hey, Julie. What can I get you?

JULIE
Nothing. I want to say something.
(this is hard)
I thought about what you said to me
and... I just want to tell you...
You’re right. I was wrong. I
behaved badly. And I want to say
to you I’m sorry. I’m sorry I hurt
you.

SARACEN
(takes that in)
Okay. Thank you.

JULIE
I really hope that you can forgive
me and that at least we can be
friends...

SARACEN
Okay. I’d like that.

(CONTINUED)
JULIE

Cool. See you around.

And Julie leaves, both of them feeling the pain.

INT. MEGA CHURCH - CHAPEL - DAY (D2)

Lyla places bibles in pews. She looks up and sees Street in the back, looking sort of intense.

JASON

Got a second?

LYLA

Of course.
(with a smile)
Looking forward to your party.

JASON

Don’t even talk about that. My mom invited everyone I’ve ever known.

He is silent for a beat, figuring out how to get into this, then...

JASON (CONT'D)

You ever notice how nothing ever changes in this town? Everyone has the same jobs, they go to the same restaurants, the same parties, the same football games. It’s like we’re all stuck in this fish tank with no way of getting out. I’m stuck.

(he smiles, seeing her reaction)
I know what you’re thinking. A new recruit. But I’m not here to talk to God. I want to talk to you. You’re the only person in this town that I could think of who actually changed their life. I admire that. How do you do it?

LYLA

(a beat)
You just do it.

OFF Jason, taking this in, we,
INT. WILLIAMS HOUSE – NIGHT (N2)

Dinner’s just about finished. Smash and Riggins sit around the table with NOANNE and SHEILA. Throughout the scene, we sense that the Williams women find Tim to be real cute. As Sheila gets up to clear, Riggins eyes her comely form...

SMASH
What I’m saying, Rigg, is that Taylor needs to see another gear from you...
(noticing Riggins eyeing his sister)
Don’t... don’t look at my sister, man. Serious. I don’t want to see that. Period.

RIGGINS
(snapping out of it)
Sorry.

SMASH
He’s looking for some heart, is what I’m saying. He’s looking for a gesture. Something that tells him you acknowledge what you did...

Noannie makes a face at Riggins, mocking her serious brother. Riggins smiles back. Smash stops talking, annoyed again...

SMASH (CONT’D)
Rigg! Hey! Eyes on me, okay? She’s fourteen, man. What’s wrong with you?

RIGGINS
She was making a face! I was just playing. I’m not doing anything. God.

SMASH
Can you just shut up and listen?

RIGGINS
I am listening. He already said no. It’s over. It’s out of my hands.

SMASH
So what? That’s it? You just gonna give up?

CORRINA comes in from the living room.

(CONTINUED)
CORRINA
Oh my lord, my sister can talk.
Okay, Tim, you want a piece of pie for dessert?

Tim looks up at her, smiling his charming smile -- what can you say, the guy loves women. Smash narrows his eyes.

RIGGINS
Yes, ma’am. Pie’d be great.

SMASH
Rigg! That’s my mom!

RIGGINS
All I said was...

SMASH
Look, we’re a lot different, you and me. Me? I’m the Smash. Prime Time, 24/7. And you? You’re that brooding... whatever. But neither of us can be who we are without football. It’s the key in the ignition, baby. And if you don’t fight for that, then... that’s a loser move, is all I have to say.

It’s true. We can see in Tim’s eyes that he knows it.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)

Tami gets dressed as Julie tries to manage Gracie, who fidgets and WHINES. Shelly walks in looking like a million bucks and flops on the bed to watch Tami get ready. Both Tami and Julie admire Shelly’s outfit.

JULIE
Wow. You look awesome.

TAMI
Oh, honey, you look great.
(sighs)
And I look like a whale in pajamas.

Julie LAUGHS.

TAMI (CONT’D)
That wasn’t a joke, sweetie.

SHELLY
Shut up. You’re always the prettiest one in the room.

(CONTINUED)
As Gracie begins CRYING louder--

SHELLY (CONT’D)
Give her here.

Shelly takes Gracie from Julie, starts to comfort her as she continues.

SHELLY (CONT’D)
(to Julie)
You’re lucky to be the oldest. You should have seen your mom when she was your age. Try following that through high school.

Gracie throws up on Shelly.

JULIE
Gross.

Tami comes over and takes her.

TAMI
Let me try. She’s a little warm. It’s probably not good to be taking her out.

SHELLY
Why don’t I stay home with her?

TAMI
No, no. You’re the guest. You should get a taste of Dillon.
SHELLY
Yeah, but you could use a break.
And I need as much Gracie time as I
can get.

JULIE
(innocently)
It’s probably better if my mom
stays since she’d have to pump and
dump and the baby will miss her.

TAMI
(pretends not to be hurt)
Julie’s got a point.

SHELLY
I really don’t mind.

TAMI
No, it’s settled. You go.

INT. LANDRY’S CAR – MOVING – NIGHT (N2)
Landry pulls into the garage.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE – GARAGE – NIGHT (N2)
Landry exits his car and jumps as if he saw a ghost.

LANDRY
You scared me, dad.

Chad Clarke walks around the car, speaks in his cop voice.

CHAD CLARKE
They found blood residue outside
the store, matches up with the dead
guy. Based on the head wound, they
think he was struck there with a
hard object. Then he was put in a
car, unconscious or dead, and
driven to the bridge and dumped in
the river.

LANDRY
(heart racing)
Why are you telling me this?

CHAD CLARKE
The water and the fish that fed on
the body did away with any foreign
DNA or prints that could’ve led to
suspects. No witnesses, so the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Mr. Clarke opens the back door and inspects the seat. Landry tries not to cry.

CHAD CLARKE (CONT'D)
What the killer probably didn’t realize is that no matter how much soap and water you use on seats like this, it doesn’t get rid of blood traces or DNA.

LANDRY
I don’t know what you think, dad, but--

Chad slams the car door and drills his eyes into his son.

CHAD CLARKE
Landry, if you had something to do with this I need you to tell me right now. Better that than wait for them to bring you in, because, so help me God, that’s what’s gonna happen. You gotta trust me, son.

Landry’s eyes get wet. He can’t take it anymore.

LANDRY
I, I didn’t mean to do it. I didn’t mean to kill him.

Clarke listens, his worst nightmare coming true.

CHAD CLARKE
We need to take a ride, son.

LANDRY
Where?

Get in the car. Follow me.

OFF Landry, mortified, we,

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT

Street, in uniform, on two legs, quarterbacks a Panther football game. He takes the snap and we hear and see...

JASON (O.S.)
Good protection, plenty of time, a little pump fake, and let it fly...

The ball leaves Street’s hand and spirals downfield into the paws of a Panther Receiver. The sound of CHEERS and we...

INT. STREET HOUSE - NIGHT (N2)

PULL BACK to see footage on a TV being narrated by Street wearing a BIRTHDAY HAT. Gathered around are Riggins, Smash, Taylor, Buddy, Lyla, and VARIOUS PANTHERS. A banner reads: “Happy 19th Birthday, Jason”.

JASON
Here’s Coach calling a ridiculous play... And here I am getting sacked. Good going, Coach.

ON VARIOUS FACES, LAUGHING.

FIND JULIE, looking over at Matt and his date Lauren. Matt glances at Julie, who looks away.

JASON (CONT’D)
And there’s Pudnick saving my ass, thanks Pudnick... And the grand finale. Pressure on, swing out of the pocket, pull the trigger and booyaka, sixty-two yards to Mr. Smash Williams. Touchdown!

Smash HOLLA and distributes pounds.

MITCHELL STREET
Six hundred yards my boy threw for that day. Broke the record.

ON COACH, watching with joy and pain.

BUDDY
We could’ve been a dynasty, kid. Lyla would’ve been rich.

(CONTINUED)
LYLA
(hitting his arm)
Dad!

JASON
He’s right. But you can’t have it all, at least not all at once. You take your memories where you can get ‘em and I got more than my share. Ain’t that right, Rigg?

RIGGINS
(raises his glass)
That’s right. Here’s to Streeter and to making more memories.

ON VARIOUS FOLKS, toasting Street a “Happy Birthday.” Lyla toasts Jason from across the room.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. STREET HOUSE – LATER (N2)

People eat birthday cake. Buddy flirts with Shelly.

BUDDY
And what do you do in Dallas?

SHELLY
I’m a pre-school teacher.

BUDDY
Ah, a molder of little minds.

Taylor, overhearing this, cringes as he talk to Joanne.

JOANNE STREET
Thank you so much for taking him back on the team. I just want him to have somewhere he belongs.

TAYLOR
As long as I’m there, he’s there.

Joanne is moved, obviously vulnerable about her son. Riggins walks up to them.

RIGGINS
Excuse me, Mrs. Street, mind if I talk to Coach for a second?

JOANNE STREET
Of course.
RIGGINS
(as she walks away)
Delicious punch.

TAYLOR
What’s up, Tim.

RIGGINS
(gears up, then)
It’s about me being on the team...
I’m not taking no for an answer.

TAYLOR
(waits for more; nothing)
That’s all you have to say?

RIGGINS
I was in Mexico with Street. I
can’t tell you why, but I had to be
there for him. I would do anything
to get back on the team. It’s all
I’ve got right now, sir.

Taylor considers a moment, but...

TAYLOR
Tim, I didn’t put you on probation.
You’re off the team. I truly am
sorry.

And he walks off. Tim is bummed.

FIND TYRA, eating cake, bumping into Saracen and Lauren.

TYRA
Hey QB, where’s the BFF?

SARacen
Who, Landry?
TYRA
Who else, genius?

SARACEN
He was supposed to be here, but he’s not picking up his phone.

LAUREN
(extends a hand)
Hi, I’m Lauren.

TYRA
That’s nice.

SARACEN
Should I tell Landry you were looking for him?

TYRA
I wasn’t looking for him, I just heard somewhere it was polite to make conversation.

She walks off and Lauren looks at Matt.

LAUREN
Does she not like me for some reason?

Matt looks over and sees Julie -- the whole thing is so painfully awkward.

LAUREN (CONT’D)
That’s your old girlfriend, right?

SARACEN
You want to get out of here? There’s a party at Dawn Scott’s.

LAUREN
Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN’S CAR – NIGHT (N2)

Matt and Lauren sit in the car. She senses Matt’s mood.

LAUREN
I know what it’s like, you know.
(Matt snaps to)
At my last school, my boyfriend and I broke up for inexplicable reasons
(MORE)
LAUREN (CONT'D)
and every time I saw him, I just
...
TYRA (CONT'D)
Come on. Let’s go get an enormous container of ice cream and watch Thelma and Louise.

JULIE
Okay.

They leave, Tyra never letting go of her hand.

ON JASON wheeling up to Coach, box in lap. He hands it over.

TAYLOR
What’s this?

JASON
My glory footage, freshman year on. I’m donating it to the program.

TAYLOR
Why?

JASON
‘Cause I just can’t pretend to be who I was anymore. I need to learn how to be a different guy, and, and...

TAYLOR
You’re quitting the job.

JASON
The last thing in the world I wanna do is let you down, Coach.

TAYLOR
Son, people like to talk about how much a young athlete can learn from his coach. But I think what they don’t realize is that it goes both ways. I have watched you pick yourself up, and fight your way back against odds nobody should have to face. And I admire that. And I thank you for that.

OFF Jason, moved to the core.

INT./EXT. LANDRY’S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (N2)

Landry, terrified and mystified, follows his dad’s car.
INT. CHAD CLARKE’S CRUISER – MOVING – NIGHT (N2)

Chad Clarke drives, a grave look on his face. He looks in the rear view mirror and sees Landry’s wagon behind him.

EXT. REMOTE DESERT AREA – NIGHT (N2)

Landry gets out of his car and walks up to the cruiser.

LANDRY
What’s going on, dad?

CHAD CLARKE
Stay right here.

Landry watches in disbelief as his dad pulls a gas can from his trunk and marches up to the wagon. He pours gas inside, all over the seats and floorboards, then douses the trunk, the roof, the hood. He steps back and lights a book of matches and flings it toward the gas... POOF. He walks back.

CHAD CLARKE (CONT’D)
First thing they’re gonna do is track down every car in Dillon that’s a match for those fibers and then they’ll come knockin’.

LANDRY
But won’t the car being gone look suspicious?

CHAD CLARKE
Damn right, but better that than them locating it and finding a reason to pull the dead guy’s DNA off the seats. That happens and you’ll be waking up in a concrete cell while I try to keep your mother from killing herself.

BOOM! The gas tank explodes and the flames shoot higher.

LANDRY
So what should I do if they come?

CHAD CLARKE
Nothing. From here on out, as far as you know, the car was stolen, your dad reported it, and if anybody has any questions they talk to me, and only me. You got it?

(CONTINUED)
LANDRY

Yeah.

And they stand there in the shadowy firelight, watching the car blaze. Tears well up in Landry’s eyes as he realizes his dad is putting everything on the line for him.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

INT. FIELD HOUSE – TAYLOR’S OFFICE – DAY (D3)

Coach and McGill watch game tape. There’s a quick tap on the door and ROBERTA (BOBBIE) ROBERTS enters, wearing a coaching outfit. She’s tough, and right now, she’s pissed.

BOBBIE
You must be the new Athletic Director. Funny, you look an awful lot like the football coach Eric Taylor.

TAYLOR
Hey, good to see you.

BOBBIE
Do you even know my name?

TAYLOR
Well, I was just made Athletic Director--

She smacks a dead soccer ball down onto his desk.

BOBBIE
You know what this is?

TAYLOR
A soccer ball.

BOBBIE
No. A soccer ball’s something with air in it. This here is a rubber carcass. Means I’m down to two cheap latex bladders with more patched holes than a Cuban refugee raft. How many balls does the football team have?

TAYLOR
I’m not sure the exact number.

BOBBIE
I just went out there and did a spot count. Thirty-six. And not one of them is dead.

TAYLOR
Let me see what I can do about getting some new soccer balls.

(Continued)
BOBBIE
Oh, thanks a lot. That’s so
generous of you...

TAYLOR
Hey, as Athletic Director, my
door’s always open...

BOBBIE
That was sarcasm, big guy.
(looking around his desk)
Hey, is that a new computer?

MCGILL
Yeah, we all got new ones this
year.

Taylor shoots Mac a look.

BOBBIE
That’s cool. I would have called
you to have this conversation, but
I don’t even have a phone. While
you two are up here IMing each
other about how great your boys
look in their tighty whities, I’m
downstairs in the boiler room
trying to mend my nets with a
shoelace. You see the disparity
here, big guy?

TAYLOR
Well, I do see how you could think
that...
BOBBIE
Save it. My name is Bobbie Roberts. I’m gonna be in here every day until me and my girls get exactly what the hell we need.

Bobbie moves to leave, but then turns and grabs all the pens out of the cup on Taylor’s desk.

BOBBIE (CONT’D)
I’m taking these. These are mine now.

(grabbing a post-it pad)
And this too.

She exits and Coach looks at Mac.

MCGILL
They tried to pin that A.D. job on me a couple of years ago. Hope they’re paying you plenty.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD – DAY (D3)

Tim is in the stands, down and out, drinking a forty. He sees Santiago walk onto the field and start running himself into the sled dummies. Doesn’t look pretty, but he’s trying.

Tim shakes his head in disgust, watches for a minute. Then, partly because Santiago looks so bad, and partly because maybe this is what Coach was talking about, he walks over.

RIGGINS
Dude. You’re not on the team.

SANTIAGO
I know.

Santiago charges the dummy again. Not really very good.

RIGGINS
So then why are you doing this?

SANTIAGO
I don’t know.

But he does it again.
RIGGINS
You realize you suck, right?

SANTIAGO
Gotta start somewhere, homey.

He hits the sled again.

RIGGINS
Let me ask you one question. And I want you to be straight with me. Are you in any way, shape or form trying to screw Lyla Garrity?

This gets Santiago’s attention. He turns to Riggins, looks right at him, this isn’t a guy who’s going to cower to anyone.

SANTIAGO
She’s a friend.

Riggins gauges his response, feels okay with it, then--

RIGGINS
Alright, try that again. But don’t drop your head when you hit it.

Santiago tries it again.

SANTIAGO
How was that?

RIGGINS
Sucked. What part of don’t drop your head didn’t you get?

And Santiago tries again. OFF the two of them...

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D3)

Shelly walks in with an earth-friendly bag to find a tense Tami, sitting by a laundry basket, folding clothes.

SHELLEY
Where is everybody?

TAMI
Gracie’s taking a nap. Julie’s out with Lois. Eric is still at work. (referring to the bag)
What’s that?
SHELLY
This is an environmentally
responsible satchel.
(pulls out a bottle of
wine)
And this is a bottle of vino.

Shelly uncorks the wine and pours herself a glass, then puts
one out for Tami.

TAMI
Can’t. I’m nursing.

SHELLY
(pouring)
A glass or two won’t hurt. Not as
long as you’re drinking enough
water and eating rich-in-B9 foods
like asparagus. And wait a few *
hours before you breast-feed. *

TAMI
And how do you know that, Dr. Don’t
Have A Kid?

SHELLY
Little something called reading.
You should try it sometime.

They’re just playing, but Tami’s getting a little tired of
Shelly’s know-it-all attitude. And a little defensive.

TAMI
I read.

SHELLY
(looking around the place)
What? The Daily Coupon, The Dillon
Gazette?

TAMI
(this touches a nerve)
Alright, stop it.

SHELLY
All I’m saying is just because you
live in Dillon doesn’t mean you
have to stop reading and thinking--

TAMI
Shelly, shut up! I don’t need a
lecture from my little sister.
SHELLY
I’m not lecturing--

TAMI
(explodes)
Yes, you are. And don’t you understand? I don’t have time to read or go to Brazil or see the damn Dixie Chicks or do anything except work and cook and breast feed.

Dead silence as Shelly absorbs the freak out: okay. Tami grabs the wine glass and downs the whole thing.

TAMI (CONT’D)
Sorry.
(tearing up)
It’s, it’s... as much as I love Gracie, and I do, I really do, it’s just now sinking in what I signed on for. Not just the infant grind, but sixteen more years of child rearing and then she’ll turn into Julie. And by then I’ll be... at least forty, all wrinkled-up with a plastic hip and pacemaker.

Tami has gotten it out of her system. Shelly pours her more wine.

SHELLY
(apologizing)
I hope you realize that all my tales of fun and sun are just a way of keeping people from seeing the pathetic, lonely person I am underneath.

Silence as Tami absorbs this and then:
TAMI
Of course I do.

SHELLY
Ass.

TAMI
You’re an ass.

They LAUGH. Tami, feeling some relief, takes a moment to smell the wine and sip, as if tasting it for the first time.

TAMI (CONT’D)
This is really delicious. Nice nose, strong finish...

SHELLY
$6.99 from your local mini-mart. (they laugh)
Know what else they sell at the mini-mart?

TAMI
What?

Shelly reaches into the bag and comes up with four little air-plane sized bottles of rum, two in each hand.

SHELLY
I talked to your husband. He’s baby sitting. Come on, girl. Dixie Chicks. Tonight. You, me, rum makes three... I mean six.

Tami stares, then grins.

TAMI
Okay. But... I’m not drinking that.

SHELLY
Yes, you are...

TAMI
I’ll throw up!

SHELLY
I know, that’s what my camera phone’s for...
EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY (D3)

Riggins stands on the sled as Santiago chops his feet.

RIGGINS
Back straight, eyes on the target... Go!

Santiago runs into a sled dummy. Then gets back in position.

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
Not bad.

ON SMASH AND SARACEN, walking up with duffels and a football.

SMASH
Look at this, the blind leading the blinder.

RIGGINS
Shut up, Smash, he can block better than your ass.

SMASH
Alright. How 'bout we run him through some plays.

RIGGINS
(to Santiago)
You up for that?

SANTIAGO
Yeah, why not?

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DUSK (D3)

A bunch of ORANGE CONES are set up as offenders and defenders. Saracen at QB, Smash at Halfback, Santiago at Fullback. And Riggins as roving Linebacker.

A SERIES OF RUN PLAYS:

--“Off Tackle.” Matt “huts” and Santiago rushes toward the end of the line with Smash following. He cuts inside the last cone and blocks Riggins, who shucks him and tags Smash.

SMASH
You got the right lane that time, but you gotta stay low and push Rigg inside so I can break free.

(CONTINUED)
--“Slant.” Matt “huts” and Santiago runs straight at the line, bottlenecks with Riggins and Smash.

SARACEN
Okay, that’s the idea, but don’t hesitate. Your job is to beat Smash to the line, open the hole.

ANGLE ON COACH TAYLOR, walking up and stopping in the shadow of the bleachers to watch.

--“Sweep.” Matt hands off to Smash. Santiago leads around the end, blocks Riggins to the outside as Smash cuts inside.

RIGGINS
Better position. But as fullback you gotta block like you mean it. Don’t let me stand your ass up.

--“Sweep” to the other side. Matt “huts” and they run it (toward Coach) and WHAM! Santiago puts Riggins on his ass.

SMASH
You alright, Rigg?

SANTIAGO
Sorry, man.

RIGGINS
(gets up; shakes it off)
That’s it, keep doing that.

TAYLOR
(revealing himself)
Not bad, Santiago. Just remember, even if you knock someone down, you keep those legs moving, don’t stop.

Santiago nods.

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
You want to come work out with the team, son?

SANTIAGO
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
Swing by my office tomorrow at 7:00. Don’t be late. I’ll make sure we get you a uniform.
SANTIAGO

Thanks.

Tim wonders what the wonderful wizard might have to say to him, but Coach just gives a general farewell to Smash, Riggins and Saracen--

TAYLOR

Gentlemen.

And Coach turns and walks away. Tim calls out after him--

RIGGINS

Is this showing you something, sir?

TAYLOR

(back to him)

Yes it is, son.

RIGGINS

So am I back on the team?

TAYLOR

(back to him)

Not even close.

Taylor turns to him, still walking backwards, holds out his arms, looks like a kid himself--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Keep working on it, Riggs. Keep working on it.

Taylor turns and continues to walk away.

Riggins just stands there as Smash and Saracen walk up on either side of him, a silent show of support. Santiago wanders over to the dummies and starts hitting them again. OFF Riggins, looking for meaning in the back of Coach Taylor’s windbreaker...

BLACK OUT:

END OF EPISODE